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THESE ARE LIVELY.

MESSENGERS WHO ARE NOT OF THE SLOW PERSUASION.

They Wear Diamonds Because They Improve Their Opportunities-Many of the Wall Street Mercuries Have Access to Valuable Information.

"Of course you know those chaps do not live on their salaries," said a Wall street broker a few days ago, pointing to one of those speedy messengers that are seen daily just before the close of the exchange flying frantically along the street.

'Just notice the next one that come along," the broker continued. "It is 10 to 1 that he wears diamonds. If he does not, he is ignorant of the business."

At that moment one of the "messer gers, " having performed his speedy and mercurial duty, passed by on his way back to the office. Sure enough, on the hand with which he mopped his perspiring face there glistened a two carat diamond.

"It's easy enough," said the broker philosophically, "and it cannot be helped. Many of these messengers are 'confidential'-that is, in the hurry of the closing moments of the exchange they receive orders of the most important nature that are simply written on an open sheet of paper. Many of these messengers are frugal and quick witted fellows. who are ready to take advantage of opportunities as quick as a flash. So far as I know, they do nothing absolutely dishonest, although in many cases such a thing would be possible.

"Very often when they are given orders to convey to brokers they digest them thoroughly, debate the chances of success and act accordingly. If they think the order a good one they rush around to some bucket shop and buy or sell, according to the tenor of the order. That is why they wear diamonds. It is an easy thing for a messenger for a firm like that of Connor & Co. or Cammack to make money. All they have to do is to follow their opportunities. Go over to the Consolidated Exchange, and you will see them."

The broker was right. While the bulls were bellowing and the lambs were bleating around the big railing two or three messengers who happened to have nothing particular to do were hanging around watching the market with feverish anxiety. Pretty soon they were re-enforced by a new arrival. He rushed up to the railing and shouted frantically to a young broker on the floor whom I happened to know. A whispered consultation took place, and then the broker dived into the melee and began to bid on a stock until he secured the proper amount, when he emerged flush and perspiring.

"It's pretty hot work in there, isn't it?" I asked.

"I should say it was," he replied, "especially when nobody wants to sell." "Who was the young man who gave you the order a few minutes ago?" I in

"He's a chap that works for the firm of —— & Co.," was the reply. "He's a shrewd boy, too, and it is seldom that he is wrong on the market."

"Perhaps he has exceptional opportunities," I suggested.

"I suppose that is it. It's no business of mine, though. He has an account with me, and it is never overdrawn. In fact, it is constantly increasing. got my start in the same way, and, in fact, a great percentage of the brokers in the street were once messengers of one kind or another." I asked an old broker who had grown

gray in the street what he knew about speculation among messengers. He said: 'It has increased wonderfully during the last ten years. In the old days, when speculation was heavier, it took far less to sway the market than now. Then the messengers speculated at their own peril. The turns and changes were far more quak and decided, and it was an almost sure thing that the small speculator would be wiped out in a day or so. Not half so many men are living by speculation in Wall street as formerly and many of those who dabble in the street do so merely for the fun of it. Consequently they do not guard their tips as closely as in former years.

'Not long ago I went into Delmoni co's for dinner, and sat down at a table opposite a young man whom I recognized as a messenger for a prominent Wall street speculator. I would be willing to take an oath that his salary is not over \$15 a week. Yet there he sat, with diamonds on his fingers and in his shirt front, eating pate de foie gras as though he had lived upon it all his life. I suppose he had made a lucky stroke on some tip which his employer had sent to his broker, and which he had taken advantage of."

Most of the Wall street brokers seem to regard this sort of speculation among the messengers as "smart" and legitimate. There are several large bucket shops along Broad street which are resorted to by messengers of low degree who have "tips," but no money to plunge with. In some of these bucket shops you can make a deal with \$10. Most of them, however, will not touch anything below 100 shares.

"There is no messenger speculation in this place," said Mr. Henry Clews. "I have never yet seen a messenger who could afford it. Some of them have come in here with orders from reputable firms, which have been bonored by me, but I would not allow any messenger employed on the street to open an account with this firm, you can depend upon it. In fact I do not believe all

these stories about messenger specula-

Several of the messenger tribe deal with up town bucket shops in order to keep their situations in Wall street. Altogether the business is a very interesting one, and to many of those having inside information it is vastly profit able.-New York Herald.

COMPLETING THE ORDER.

How the Peddler Played It on the Ancient

He shrew away the stump of his cheroot as he ascended the steps of the North State street residence yesterday afternoon, and as he touched the bell adjusted his necktie. He wanted to make as good a first impression as possible, because it was part of his business. He was selling a new

It was well he took the precaution, for as the portals opened he beheld a female face. It was stern and austere, for it was attached to a woman of some years, who bore all the marks of spinsterhood. She rore glasses and gave the impression that her features as well as her intellect had been sharpened by contact with children in the schoolroom. Her corrugated face made even the nerve of the cosmetle vender wriggle with apprehension. But it was

too late to retreat.
"Good day, miss," he said politely, removing his hat and bowing low. "Is your mother in?"

The corners of that grim mouth began to elevate. "No, sir, she's not in. Will

He saw his advantage and replied, "Why, certainly, you'll do, miss," adding under his breath, "in a pinch." But he got inside, and as he deposited his hat within easy reach he asked, "I called to inquire, miss, if you need any

cosmetic.' She was sitting primly on the edge of a chair across the room, waiting for him to make known his business, and as those words smote her ears that coffee colored face turned a shade lighter.

"What made you ask such a question as that?" she asked sharply. "Why, I'm a little nearsighted-that is, I'm selling cosmetic," he stammered. "Well, then, I must inform you that I do not need any. Was that all?"

But he wasn't going to be bluffed. "May I ask in parting if you ever use any!" he asked as he reached for his hat.

'No, sir, I don't." "Well, I don't know-only those Hamilton girls across the street told me that I might call here, but they didn't think I could sell you any."

She pricked up her ears.

"Did they buy any?"
"Yes, I sold each of them three bottles. know, miss, that you may not need any, but this cosmetic of mine is warranted t remove all skin biemishes, freckles, eruptions and give a beautiful, healthy color to the skin. Not only this, but it will render the skin soft and smooth, just like a sealskin, ma'am. "Did you tell them Hamilton girls

"Why, certainly, ma'am."

"That it would make their skins as soft as silk, just like a sealskin?"

"Then I don't want to talk to you. A man who can lie like that ain't safe. Why, sir, don't you know that if them Hamilton girls got faces like sealskins there'd be moths in them before two hours?"
"I know it, my dear young lady, but

that was none of my business."

She softened a bit and talked about the use of cosmetics as though it was a sin. Finally she decided to try it once and bought a bottle. She would give him 90 cents and not a cent more. He was selling it for \$1, and as it cost 6 cents he vowed he couldn't afford it, but rather than miss a sale he took the 90 cents. He was in no enviable mood as he turn

ed to wish her good morning, and as h was leaving he reached into his pocket and pulled out a little box. Handing it to her, he said:

moment afterward he was gone. As she stood in the doorway unwrap-

ping the little package in a half mystified nanner the agent was peeping out from behind a tree. The next moment the street echoed with a wild demoniac yell. The spinster had unrolled a box of moth

exterminator.—Chicago Times. The "Tale of Woman."

For ten years, if not longer, women have had the right of voting in the isle of Man. Married women do not vote, but widows and spinsters, being house holders and property holders, can, and they do. "When an election takes place for the house of keys, or the school board, or the town commission, lady voters are escorted in carriages by the canvassers to the voting places, and for the time the isle of Man might be called the 'isle of Woman.' "

FREE COINAGE OF SILVER.

The free and unlimited coinage of

silver, the product of American mines, at the old ratio of 16 of silver to 1 of gold, is the only solution of and remedy for the disturbed and unsatisfactory condition of trade, manufacture and general business of the country. The surreptitious act of 1873, divorcing silver and gold in our monetary system, was a crime of untold magnitude. It was the rankest kind of class legislation in favor of the wealthy against the producers of wealth, and hostile to the prosperity of the United States. It was an act of treason because done at the instance of a European syndicate and for bribe money, "giving aid and comfort to our country's enemies." To shield the guilty parties, the well authenticated facts, often published, have been

vigorously denied. The Enquirer will continue to expose this unpardonable crime until right and justice are done the people by the full restoration of silver to its old companionship with gold. We need the assistance of the people in disseminating the truth, to which end we invite all in your selection of papers for the coming season to include the Enquirer, that costs only \$1.00 a year. (Issued twice a week.)

Liberal commissions and cash rewards given to club raisers. Sample copies free. ENQUIRER COMPANY, Cincinnati, O.

BURNSLUMBAGO

JUMPIN JOE DECLARED THAT HE WAS ONLY A HUMBLE WORM.

Skeptical and Made Him to Come Under sgin him." the Shadow of the Law-\$20 Made Things All Right.

I was pushin my way over the kentry, bar'l and convict with a view to openin my monster exhibi- the prisoner, and shun and grand aggregashun in the town may the Lord hev of Jericho, when a wild eyed critter cums mercy on his ridin from the direckshun of Plumb Cen- soul!" ter and stops me to yell:

"Now, then, who gin ye leave to be drivin along this yere road with yer hat holdin up the on yer ear and yer nose stuck up as if our society wasn't half good nuff fur an ole

"My friend," sez I in answer and sizin him up to once as a bad man who was yearnin to pick a fuss with me, "the ways of my hat and my nose ar' not my ways. had wings he wouldn't know how to use I am one of the humbliest of the humble worms of the airth. I hain't even a-whistlin the toons of the 'Arkansaw Traveler.' fur fear sumbody might suspect me of bein an aristocrat and a-feelin too stuck up to ask him fur a chaw of terbacker. Be varchewus, and ye'll be happy."

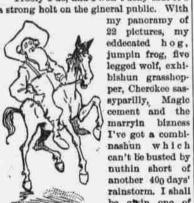
"Durn yer pesky ole hide!" he hoots as he glares at me, "but I believe ye ar' the kuss who calls hisself Jumpin Joe!"

"The same," sez I as I bows in my humble way. "And ye've got a panoramy and an eddecated hog and var'us other things, and

ye gin exhibishuns!" "I do, my friend-trooly I do. I am not concealin the fact that in the midst of life we ar' in death and that my gigantic aggregashun of animal intelligence and monster compendium of fam'ly remedies hev brought joy to the souls of thousands of my sorrerin feller men. As fur instance,

fur each and every case of"-"Arter each exhibishun of reptile intelligence ye marry everybody who will cum for'ds free of cost!" he interrupted me. "Trooly I do, and I won't deny that it's

I'm offerin a reward of a hundred dollars



22 pictures, my eddecated hog. jumpin frog, five legged wolf, exhibishun grasshopper, Cherokee sassyparilly, Magic marryin bizness I've got a combinashun which can't be busted by nuthin short of

be grin one of tives?" MY unrivaled extown of Jericho tomorrer eavenin and shall esteem it an honor to see ye present on a front seat. No charge fur admishun -no reserved seats-children of all aiges welcomed with a fatherly smile."

"Durn yer ole show, but I'm a-mind to "I almost forgot, miss, that this goes with your bottle." She took it, and a that free mar'yin bizness but mar'd my more about his will.—Youth's Companpop ye!" he howls. "What hev ye dun in departure and troubled the carpenter no ole woman to three other men, and I've ion. had to stay by the shanty night and day fur the last four weeks to keep 'em from gittin her. Prepar' to die!"

"My friend," sez I, workin up my blandness with all my might, "ye must and when a pretty damsel, with a solid allow that if yer ole woman hadn't stepped out to be mar'd I couldn't hev j'ined her to anybody. "Howsunever, I'm a man as plays à fa'r

game, and hevin mar'd her I will now divorce her. From this minit on them other critters hain't got no rights." "That's better" sez he, seemin to soften

up a bit, "but how about that jumpin frog?" "As to what!"

"As to carryin him around the kentry to discourage human bein's from tryin to git along.'

"Has he discouraiged anybody?" "Dozens of 'em, and I'm one. I was the jumpinest thing around these yere parts till that blamed reptile appeared. Durn his hide, but I'm the jumpinest thing yit! I hain't goin to allow no var-

mint of a frog to lay over me and put down my pride. Git him out yere, and I'll beat him on the jump or leave

both legs be-"How ye goin back on natur'?" I asked. "What's natur' got to do with it?" "She made the

frog to jump. He can't walk nor can't walk nor fly nor skate." THAT'S AGIN THE LAW" He's got to jump when he goes, and the farther he jumps the quicker he gits thar."

"And didn't natur' also make me jump?" yelled the critter as he galloped his horse around my outfit. "Git out yer reptile, and I'll beat him

or hust." "Ar' ye a ta'r minded man?" says I as wished him fur, fur away. "I am!" he hoots.

"And if my jumpin frog kivers the nost ground thar won't be any row!" "I'll gin my word thar won't. If the varmint born in a mud puddle kin lay me out at jumpin, I'll go hence and crawl into a hole and die."

I got the frog outer his box and sot him down on the grass, and when he got the word he kivered 91/4 feet without skeerce ly humpin hisself. "Kin ye beat it?" sez I to the stranger

as he stood thar a-glarin at the frog. "I won't try," he yells. "What ye've dun was to glue wings to that ar' reptile's shoulders, and as that's agin the law and I'm a constable I'll hev ye tried by the law. Glt ready to go with me to the town out jestice the vigilance committee surely will " In my humble way I could hev got ironskoff and tried the thumb screwoon the prairie, but as I felt that the law would clear me, and as I wanted to visit

the town of Risin Sun to arrange fur my

show, I followed him in peace. When we got thar, he went into a saloon and brung out the jestice of the peace and sez: "Bill, yere's a human critter as is trav-

HE WAS NOT STUCK UP | wan around the sentry to discourage am

"Which ar' agin the statoots, and I'll make him wish he'd never bin born!" shouted the jestice. "He's got a frog with wings glued on to

But the Wild Eyed Critter He Met Was him, and no critter in Cherokee kin jump "That's wuss and wuss. I'll open this

ع الله

"I wish fur to deny about them

head of this yere

ye!" says the jes-

frog.

"I WISH FUR TO DENY "Look fur your- ABOUT THEM WINGS." self. He's jest a jumpin frog, and if he

"Prisoner, this yere plaintiff and constable ar' my brother Sam. What Sam sez has to go with this yere court. I'm agoin to take his word about the wings, but bein it's yer fust offense and bein bizness in the saloon ar' drivin I'll let ye off with a fine of \$20." "Kin I take an appeal to a higher

court," sez I. "Sartinly ye kin, and the same higher

court ar' the vigilance committee, and the president of the same stands afore ye. Will ye pay or hang!"

Feelin that my life belonged to my feller men or to sich of them as kin be amoosed by my exhibishuns and restored to health by my Cherokee sassyparilly, I paid the fine and departed. The price is allus a dollar a bottle, and it is warranted to tech more vital spots in the human system than any other compound prepared by human hands. While not furgittin my fam'ly remedies, keep yer eyes on my panoramy and so forth and secure front seats if pos-

A Rude Disappointment.

Country lawyers are often forced by the enreity of business to look very sharp for opportunities to draw up wills and perform other "legal" services. A stranger of mature years—a carpenter—who had come to a certain town to work at his trade, was asked several times by a local lawyer if he did not think he had better make his will. At last the carpenter took the delighted lawyer aside and said to him cement and the with an important air:

"I ain't quite ready to make my will, but when I am I'll let you do it. "Good! But now's the time to draw i

up."
"Well, the fact is, I've had a disagre ment with my sister Jane, and I ain't going to leave her a cent." 'Good! But have you any other rela-

'Yes-one sister and a nephew. "Good! Any disagreement with them?" "None whatever. But I ain't—I'll tell it to you particular—I ain't going to leave either one of them a cent neither.

"Now, why is that, pray?" "Because I haven't got a cent to leave to anybody. Whereupon the lawyer hastily took his

With a Double Meaning.

It was on a certain east bound street car that a young man sat, looking "stuck on He was very young indeed, looking valise, entered the car and occupied all the seat in front of him he endeavored to win from her a smile. ently she rang the bell and picked up her valise. The very young man instantly umped up and bowed. "May I carry that valise off for you!"

he said winsomely.
"You needn't trouble," she replied. 'There's nothing in it."

With that she got off, and the passengers laughed, as if she had really meant to accuse him of larcenous intentions .-Louisville Courier-Journal.

NEEDED DIETING.

An Attenuated Horse That Excited an Officer's Unnecessary Sympathy. A South Chicago policeman came across an attenuated sorrel horse tied to a hitching post the other day. He waited a few minutes until the owner ar-

rived and then said: "Why don't you feed your horse something? I'd wager that he hasn't seen an oat since he was a colt. Do you feed him on the photograph of a bale of

'Mr. Officer, you don't know that horse, or you wouldn't talk that way." "I don't know the horse, but I know that you ought to be run in for working a starved beast like that. It's a case for the S. P. C. A. Do you weigh out his food to him on an apothecary's scales?'

"Officer, before you say any more do me a favor. Get in that buggy and drive around a block, and when you come back here tell me what to feed him. I'll do whatever you say."

The policemaa got into the buggy and started off. He thought he was in a merry go round driven by cyclone power. He braced his feet against the dashboard and hung on to the reins until his wrists cracked and there was a shower of heels all over the road. The buggy slewed around corners on one wheel, and when the horse finally landed up against the hitching post with its front legs over the shafts the officer was so dazed that he couldn't speak for a min-

"Well," queried the owner, "what do you think I'd better feed the horse?' "If I owned him," answered the po-liceman sternly, "I'd feed him on some good reliable anæsthetic."—Chicago Tribune.

Torture.

Colonel Poldowiczi (of the Russian police)—Has the prisonerski confessed? Sergeant Scwisesi-No, your highnessovich. We have beatenski him with of Risin Sun, and if the law don't deal our clubs, cut off one of his earsovitch, burned the soles of his feetski with hot the drop on him and left his karkass lyin vich on him, but he absolutely refuses to confesski. Colonel Poldowiczi (sternly)-Then,

as a last resortski, try the effect of a recitationskoff by a young lady elocutionistovich.

Nihilist Prisoner (screaming)-Have mercy! I confess, I confess!-London

HEART OF NAPOLEON.

IT WAS SYMPATHETIC AND GUIDED A POETIC NATURE.

He Was Kind and Considerate as He Was Brave-Recent Testimony For This Side of the Great Soldler's Character, Which Has Not Always Been Recognized.

Speaking of Napoleon's boyhood, one who knows whereof he speaks says: "In his school days the 'grand homme' gave many indications of the very qualities which procured for him the splendid success which has brought him everlasting fame. His love of discipline, order and power was shown by the manner in which he controlled his schoolmates and constituted himself their leader, teaching them the art of war in mimic battles, constructing forts and battlements of snow in the play ground in which many a fierce engage ment was fought and won, with snow balls for cannon balls and ice pellets for shot. It is recorded that he undertook to reform the laxity of the college rules and regulations by addressing a letter to the junior master, indicating a system that would do away with the abuses, and that he applied these same rules afterward to the schools of Fontainebleau, Saint Cyr and Saint Germain." According to a recent writer, on one occasion he was directing a performance of the tragedy of Cæsar's death when the wife of the college porter endenvored to force her way into the assembly on the strength of her position, but Napoleon made short work of her. "Remove this woman," he cried, "who brings into our midst the license of the camp," an order instantly obeyed

That Napoleon was at heart a great poet there can be no doubt. Mme. Remusat relates that he was a lover of melancholy music. The murmur of the wind enraptured him, and he would dilate enthusiastically on the moaning of the sea and the wild beauty of the tempest. His powerful imagination sought to grasp the unseen. He would sometimes amuse himself, while passing the evening in Josephine's drawing room, by telling or listening to ghost stories while the candles were shaded and the singers present executed music of a low, sweet, weird description to the accompaniment of stringed instruments. Doubtless this gift of a subtle imagination led Napoleon to suspect where it was unnecessary and look for a motive in every action of those around him. He believed all men liars until he proved them otherwise. He used to relate the story with great gusto that when he was a child one of his uncles predicted of him that he would govern the world, because he was an habitual liar. Of M. de Metternich he once said. "He approaches to being a statesman, he

by his colleagues, much, it may be sup-

posed, to the discomfiture of the good

woman.

lies so well!" Napoleon's life is an unending source of inspiration to the painter. David, Vernet, Scheffer, Steube and a host of others of his time have bequeathed to us some of the great battles and incidents of his career on undying canvas. To each picture is attached some interesting story. During the Italian campaign Napoleon was one night surveying the battlefield of Bassano; the moon illumined the sad scene of carnage; no sound disturbed the deep silence save the feeble groans of the dying and the crept forward from a dead body over which he was keeping watch; the poor animal retreated to his lifeless master. and then again, as though reluctant to abandon his efforts of reviving him,

yet desirous of avenging his death. Napoleon was deeply touched by the faithful friendship of the animal, who would not forsake his master like his human friends. "What a lesson for man!" cried Napoleon as he gazed on the pathetic spectacle. So strong was the pathetic spectacle. So strong was the impression made on his mind by that midnight episode of the battlefield that after 25 years he related it when banished to the rock of St. Helens.

Mother Have You a Baby? If so, get from your druggist to-day for 25c a bottle of Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. Every baby often has distressing colic. Dr. Hand's Colic Cure gives unmediate relief by removing wind from the stomach and quieting the nerves. giving restful sleep. Mother, think of the worry and anxiety this saves you. If your baby is teething Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion for 25c, soothes and relieves all pain. Sold by all druggists.

without labeling them poisons?

cents, or one cent a dose !

Another Mance of his real tenderness for the suffering and oppressed was during his Egyptian campaign. A poor fellah had been murdered by a tribe of Arabs who had entered with an armed band into a village and driven off the herds. Napoleon immediately commanded that a company of dromedaries and horsemen should go in pursuit of the guilty party. One of the sheiks, surprised at the indignation of the emperor, observed that it would not be wise for him to embroil himself with the Arabs, a dangerous people, for the sake of a miserable fellah. "Was he, then, thy cousin?" queried the sheik. "More than that," cried Napoleon, with vehemence, "all those whom I command

are my children!" Again, at the plague of Jaffa, Napoleon visited the hospital and endeavored to console the poor dying soldiers. Gros has attempted to convey an idea of this scene in his great painting of "The Plague of Jaffa," wherein he represents Napoleon touching the eruption of a soldier afflicted with the disease, an act no doubt prompted by his desire to inspire courage in those not afflicted as well as to evince his sympathy with the sufferings of his poor soldiers.-Ex-

Ping-Yang, in northern Korea, was the first "literary center" in the Peninsular Kingdom. Its chief author was an ancestor of Confucius named Kishi, who, gathering up his writing materials and leaving China in 1122 B. C., emigrated eastward into Korean regions. His name is greatly venerated, and many tablets still exist in his honor in the northern parts of Korea. - New York Tribune.

A WHOPPER.

Why the Judge and the Colonel Gave Up

The judge and the colonel went fishing the other day. For weeks the judge has been telling of a pond he knew where pick-Ossian, was found of the twilight and erel weighed 12 pounds and were to be had for the asking. The colonel listened patiently for a time and then said he'd go, partly because he wanted to shut out the judge's stories and partly because he needed a day off.

They packed their rods and other paraphernalia and started on an early for the pond. All the way out the judge talked of nothing but the great fish that were waiting to be caught, and before they arrived at their destination the colone had caught some of the judge's enthusi-asm and was as anxious to get to work as the judge himself. They got a boat, and the judge, who is somewhat of an athlete, said he would do the rowing at first. The colonel put out two lines, one over the stern and the other from a pole. The judge rowed slowly around the

and a quarter of a mile broad, and the colonel attended assiduously to the lines. He didn't get a rise. After the first cir-cuit had been made the colonel said, Seems to me that those pickerel I have heard you mention are taking a day off. "Never you mind," protested the judge. "You can't expect to catch fish in a min-

this thing, I will row you round again, and I'll bet you'll have a fish before you The judge pulled slowly along, and the colonel sat in the stern and puffed moodily on his pipe. They went half way round without a strike. "Huh," said the colonel, "we might fust as well be fishing in the middle of an asphalt pavement."

It takes patience to get pickerel.

Now, to show you that I am in earnest in

The judge did not deign to reply. He yanked viciously at the oars a couple of times and then fell into his stroke again, and there was silence for five minutes. Then the reel on the pole gave a click moans of the wounded. Suddenly a dog and a whir-r-r-r, and the colonel made a grab for it, stopped it and began reeling in for dear life. The line stretched far

'Pull bim in!" yelled the judge. The colonel was red in the face by this time. He tugged and bauled and tried to wind up the reel. "I can't budge him,"

he gasped.

The judge came back and grabbed the strike had been a good one, for the hook held. They heard a tremendous splashing

in the high weeds. "We're getting him, yelled the judge. "Keep a-pulling." The splashing in the rushes grew louder. The two men pulled on that pole as if they were taking in an anchor. "He's

coming," gasped the colonel.
"It'll be the biggest pickerel ever caught in the state." said the judge, giving a tremendous yank at the line.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

OTHERS, Do You Know that Paregoric,

most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics

Do You Know that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child

Do You Know that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that a list of

Do You Know that Cactoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel Pitcher.

Do You Know that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of

Do You Know that one of the reasons for granting this government protection was

Do You Know that 35 average doses of Castoria are furnished for 35

Do You Know that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

That it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than

other countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. Pitcher and his assigns to use the word

"Castoria" and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense?

because Castoria had been proven to be absolutely harmless?

Well, these things are worth knowing. They are facts.

be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest?

Do You Know that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons?

unless you or your physician know of what it is composed ?

its ingredients is published with every bottle?

of all other remedies for children combined?

nan's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Soothing Syrups, and

Then out of the rushes burst a mild eyed cow, with the hook fast in one of her legs. And the colonel and the judge left the boat where it was and waded ashore.— Buffalo Express.

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